Bleed Magic

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Bleed Magic

by HANNIBRAT (moderndaylestat), memequeen1127

Summary

> “There are no bargains between lions and men. I will kill you and eat you raw.” - Achilles, in Madeline Miller's *Song of Achilles*
>
> “What exactly are you asking my permission for?”
>
> Hannibal’s eyes are scorching. “To devour you."
>
> “In what sense?
>
> “In every sense of the word, if you’d allow it."
>
> Will pauses before smiling widely. “Go on then. I’ve been so horribly rude to you, Dr. Lecter,” he mocks in a deeply sensual voice. “I bet you'd love to find out what I taste like.”

Notes

> This is 10k of shameless cannibalism and porn (canniporn?). We decided to split it into two chapters to make it easier to....digest...
>
> Mind the tags, and enjoy!

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Whenever feasible, one should always try to eat the rude.”

Will watches Hannibal’s lip quirk slightly and rolls his eyes. “Free-range rude.”

Hannibal’s amusement fades to curiosity. “Would you join me at the table?”

Will snorts. “ *At* the table or *on* the table?”

Hannibal looks at him mildly, remaining silent and inviting Will to elaborate.

“I’ve been pretty rude to you, so why aren't you trying to eat me?” Will explains, annoyed that Hannibal is going to make him say it.

“What makes you think I’m *not* trying to eat you?”

He says the words so casually that Will blinks, surprised. This isn’t how their conversation was meant to go. Will expected the psychiatrist to keep up the game between them, the one where Will pushes hard and Hannibal acts like a brick wall, revealing nothing. It seems like now, Hannibal is choosing to change the rules. Will narrows his eyes, unsure of what that means.

“Are you? Why don’t you take a bite then,” Will taunts.

He’s kidding, but only on a surface level. Will had spent the last few weeks carefully baiting the hook, trying to tempt Dr. Lecter into making a mistake big enough to catch him. Will knows the only thing that would work is dangling his deepest desires directly in front of him. Will also knows that what Hannibal deeply desires is simply him, fully embracing the darkest parts of himself.

“I didn’t imagine you’d let me,” Hannibal says cautiously.

Will leans forward in his chair, intent on drawing out the beast. “You don't seem like a man that would ask for permission, Dr. Lecter.”

Hannibal nods once and leans forward in his own chair to mirror Will’s posture, which Will understands to mean he is agreeing to be honest. He opened the door and he will leave it open, because Hannibal Lecter is nothing if not curious.

“With you I would, Will.”

Will doesn’t know how he feels about that sincerity. “What exactly are you asking my permission for?”

Hannibal’s eyes are scorching. “To devour you.”

“In what sense?”

“In every sense of the word, if you’d allow it.”

Will pauses before smiling widely. “Go on then. I’ve been *so horribly rude* to you, Dr. Lecter,” he mocks in a deeply sensual voice. “I bet you'd *love* to find out what I taste like.”

Hannibal says nothing, just continues to stare at Will with those intense eyes, so Will decides to up his game. It’s not like Hannibal is actually going to do anything to him.

“I’m not sure if you’d like my taste, Dr. Lecter. Too much whiskey and sour.”

“Nothing some skillful seasoning couldn’t fix.”

“I can tell you want it, you’re nearly frothing at the mouth like a starving dog that hasn’t eaten for a week.” Will pauses. “Or rather, a pig that catches the scent of blood in the air and starts oinking. Are you going to oink for me, Dr. Lecter, or just beg?”

Hannibal remains silent and Will smirks. “I think I’ll be graceful and let you have a taste, if only to poison you.”

“Your poison is the kind that mixes well with mine, Will,” Hannibal finally speaks, smoothly. “But as you wish. Forgive me for sounding unprofessional but I request that you bare your thigh for me.”

“Uh,” Will blanks. “My what?”

“Your upper thigh. It’s the optimal location for what you are offering me. The large and relatively flat surface area allows for a laceration to be made with ease and precision. The ratio of tender flesh and fat there is right for a delicious taste. In addition, a wound of this nature on your thigh would be easy to conceal afterwards and has a good healing prognosis while allowing you to retain practically full functionality of your leg.”

Will blinks. “…You sound like you’ve done this before.”

“Would it surprise you if I had?”

Will thinks about it. “No. Eating your patient’s flesh predictably falls under the unorthodox methods you practice. I’m sure having that patient undress in your office would fall under those unorthodox methods too.”

Hannibal hums. “Asking a patient to undress in my office is more of an experimental approach, a pioneer of its kind. If you would so kindly agree to participate.”

“You’re really asking me to take off my pants? For therapy?” Will sneers.

Honestly, he should’ve known this was what Hannibal was angling for. The man is definitely a cannibal, but Will had dealt with enough come-ons in his life to know one when he heard it. The thing is, Will isn’t reflexively against what is happening right now.

“For practical reasons.”

“Practical reasons.” Will rolls his eyes, avoiding Hannibal’s fiery gaze although he can still feel it burning into him.

“What do you think I’m going to do, Will? I thought I explained in adequate detail. You asked, and I was courteous enough to give you the answer.” Hannibal studies him. “Perhaps you dislike my answer. Perhaps you would like me to consume you in other ways.”

Will grits his teeth and fumbles with his belt. *Arrogant bastard.* He’s vaguely aware that this is drifting into dangerous territory, and that they aren’t really joking anymore. Maybe they never were. He thinks about what Hannibal said to him, how he sounded when he expressed his desire to devour him. Will’s mouth runs dry and his hands fumble with his shoelaces as something deep inside him purrs at the prospect of mutual consumption.

Will can’t find it within himself to do anything other than push his shoes off first, followed by his pants. He mentally thanks himself for deciding to wear plain black briefs today. Had it been the neon blue ones with puppies on them, this would’ve turned out a lot more embarrassing than he intended.

Every inch of skin that is exposed as he slides down the fabric falls prey to Hannibal’s burning gaze. The man’s face stays emotionless, but his eyes are engulfing Will, wrapping around his legs and reaching into every crease of his skin. Although the hem of his button-up

shirt is extending almost halfway down his thighs, it is entirely ineffective at shielding him from Hannibal's hungry stare.

"Perhaps," Will muses, picking up their conversation where they left off. "But there is something else that I'd rather do."

"And what would that be, dear Will?"

"Since you're going to have a taste of me, I'm going to have a taste of you," he challenges.

"Oh," Hannibal blinks, raising an eyebrow at Will before he considers him and nods. "I would not have expected, or hoped for, anything less."

Will is burning from the intensity of Hannibal's honesty. "Good."

"Please make yourself comfortable. I will be back shortly with all the supplies that we need." Hannibal stands up and walks briskly out of the room.

Will is left alone, sitting in Hannibal's cushy chair without pants or shoes. He looks down at his bare legs and huffs out an incredulous laugh. He's really doing this, huh?

Though he tries to feel scared or disgusted at the prospect...the truth is, he feels excited. In every sense of the word. There is energy thrumming under his skin, and Will wonders if it will explode through the surface when Hannibal touches him. He wants to find out.

When Hannibal returns a few minutes later, the first thing Will notices is that the man has discarded his suit jacket, pants and tie, leaving nothing but a white undershirt and briefs that look like they're made of silk.

Will inhales sharply and his knuckles whiten on the arms of his chair. This is the first time he has seen Hannibal in any degree of undress before, and it's affecting him more than he

expected. Usually Hannibal wears pristine 3-piece suits that function as his “suit of armor”, a visible shield that blocks out any outside attempts at seeing what really lies beneath all those clothes.

Will has never seen Hannibal without pants before, and the meaning behind it happening now is as intoxicating as the sight of Hannibal in a tight shirt and silk briefs that leave nothing to the imagination. Will holds back a groan. The fact that Hannibal is allowing, even encouraging, Will to see past his barriers is making the empath’s head spin. Although Will should perhaps feel more relaxed now that they are both in similar states of bareness, he instead feels more on edge than he did before Hannibal’s entrance.

The next thing Will notices is that Hannibal’s hands are carrying an array of supplies. He watches intently as the psychiatrist lays them out on the table; two pairs of gloves, a syringe, two disposable needles in sterile packaging and two unlabelled ampoules of liquid. Will is immediately wary of what kind of wicked drug cocktail Hannibal is intending to offer him.

“What is that?” Will asks suspiciously as Hannibal inserts one of the needles into the syringe. Will is desperately trying to focus on the mystery drugs and not on how good Hannibal’s chest looks in his tight shirt.

“Mostly benzoylmethylecgonine, but with an added COX-2 inhibitor for a more pronounced and long-lasting analgesic effect. A mixture of my own making,” Hannibal explains nonchalantly. He finishes filling the syringe and puts one of the pairs of gloves on. Will has no idea what those chemical compounds mean, and he doubts that Hannibal would elaborate.

“May I?” He holds his hand out, an invitation for Will to extend his arm to him.

Will looks at him skeptically and does not move. He is not stupid enough to let Hannibal inject an unfamiliar substance into him and be left completely defenseless against his devilish intentions. Not again. He had been unwillingly subjected to Hannibal’s drug cocktail before. The thought brings back hazy memories of being in Garret Jacob Hobbs’s kitchen, staring at the thick tube violating his esophagus. His stomach stirs in a nauseating fashion at the phantom feeling of the blood-soaked ear inside him.

“What guarantee do I have, Dr. Lecter, that you aren’t going to pump me full of drugs and leave me to wake up with my leg completely gone?”

“You don’t,” Hannibal replies simply. “And that is precisely why you are intrigued.”

“Hardly,” Will scoffs, although he feels a traitorous thrill run through him at the possibility.

Hannibal tilts his head. “Don’t you trust me, Will?”

Will resists the sudden urge to burst out laughing. “You shoved a tube down my throat and planted an ear in my stomach. No, I don’t trust you.”

Hannibal gives him an unimpressed look and without any hesitation rolls up his own sleeve, gives his arm a few pumps, and pushes the syringe needle into his median cubital vein in a practiced elegant movement. He does not break eye contact until all contents of the syringe have disappeared into his bloodstream.

He replaces the needle and refills the syringe before holding it out to Will, who is gaping at him.

“Do you trust me now?”

Will swallows his shock and uneasiness and nods. Even though he just watched Hannibal’s movements intently and retained it all in his impeccable eidetic memory, he hesitates. He has never needed to perform an injection like that on anyone, let alone himself. But there is no going back now, nor any desire to retreat, so he exhales to steady himself and takes the syringe.

The vein is easy to locate, as it stands out against his pale skin. Will holds his breath as he brings the needle to his forearm. Just as it is about to puncture the skin, he feels Hannibal’s steady hand curl around his own.

“Tilt it downward, like this, or you’ll hit the valve,” he hears Hannibal say softly, his lips hovering what feels like a few inches from his ear as he guides Will’s hand forward.

There is a sharp sting and then Will can feel the drug entering his bloodstream and slowly seeping into every inch of his body. He sits in his chair, letting his head fall back, and takes a moment to think about how on earth he ended up in a situation like this.

He’s just given an actual cannibal permission to take part of the meat from his thigh, and injected himself with drugs to make it easier. Regardless of Hannibal also partaking in said drugs, Will can’t help but feel a little delirious.

He closes his eyes and, under the influence of the relaxing substance coursing through his veins, lets himself actually think about what he’s doing. He’s had multiple opportunities this evening to stop this, multiple opportunities to tell Hannibal no. Instead, Will’s goaded him, taunted him, and encouraged him. He hasn’t given Hannibal any indication he doesn’t want this - quite the opposite, in fact.

Will can no longer pretend that he doesn’t want this, that he doesn’t ache for it deep in his bones. He’s never understood Hannibal better than he does in this present moment. The act of fully consuming someone, and knowingly letting them consume you in return… it is exhilarating, but Will doesn’t want it with anyone else except Hannibal Lecter.

The bond connecting them is unlike any Will has experienced in his life. He’s always been somewhat of a loner, but he’s had friends. What he has with Hannibal… is something that crashes through the boundaries of friendship and ignites a fire deep within him. It’s something dark, and powerful, and makes Will feel so *alive* .

This *thing* with Hannibal is threatening to drown Will. It’s the definition of temptation, and Will doesn’t think he can resist it anymore, not now that Hannibal is offering something they both clearly want. And Will does want it.

He wants to deepen the intimate connection between them into something uncontrollable. He wants to take a piece of Hannibal into him, and never be without him. He wants Hannibal to consume part of him, and know who he belongs to. Will wants mutual devastation of the highest caliber.

These desires have always simmered inside him, but this is the first time Will has acknowledged them for the driving forces they are. The bond between Hannibal and himself is potent, and Will doesn't think he can resist it anymore. He doesn't think he wants to, anymore.

Out of the corner of his eye, Will can see Hannibal moving in and out of the room again, gathering more equipment and arranging it on the table beside them; a scalpel, scissors, gauze and bandages. There is a sharp jingle when the metal tools meet the tabletop and it rings through Will's ears, sounding clearer and more pronounced than usual. He idly deduces that the substance he has allowed into his body is most likely a stimulant drug of some sort.

The prospect of that excites him. He's had sex while on stimulants before, and it was spectacular. He could feel every sensation in higher quality; sharper, richer. Greater pleasure, sweeter pain. He imagines that Hannibal cutting into his flesh would feel just as incredible.

And there it is, Will's unmistakable arousal; the warm blood flowing downwards into his pubic region, which is so far conveniently concealed by the hem of his shirt. So far.

Will attempts to distract himself by watching Hannibal finish the preparations. He has set two bowls and forks on the table, along with condiments from the kitchen. Will cocks an eyebrow at him. *Of course Hannibal the Cannibal is going to season and serve the meat before eating it. It's all about aesthetics, after all.*

"Shall we?"

Hannibal's question snaps him back into the moment.

Will nods. He's not sure which layer of Hell is reserved for acts of cannibalism, but he is headed there fast. He wants to argue that the drugs are clouding his judgement, but he feels quite the opposite - alert, and *alive* . Hannibal's hand is on his leg, fingers gripping around the sides and pressing down firmly to hold it in place. His other hand holds the scalpel steadily as it punctures the skin.

Will doesn't feel it at first. He watches, mesmerized, as crimson droplets of blood erupt from underneath the blade, slowly gathering at the edges of the cut and start rolling down the side of his leg. It seems like he is detached from his body, watching from above as the blade sinks a little deeper.

Next, comes the pain. It is faint and echoes through his body like a distant ripple rather than an enormous crashing wave. It's as if his nerve endings have forgotten how to hurt, and the only thing he can feel is the coldness of the metal as it pushes through his flesh. His leg starts to tremble purely as a reflex, pain receptors firing into nowhere. Hannibal's fingers stroke his skin soothingly, before pushing down harder on his thigh to keep it still.

Next is the shock. Except that it never comes. All Will feels is focused hyper-awareness. He can *smell* his own blood, coppery and sweet, almost appetising. He can *hear* his own heartbeat ricocheting in his head, faster than usual due the combined effect of the energizing drug, the arousal from Hannibal's body so close to his, and the adrenaline from what they're allowing each other to do. He can *see* the cut slowly assume its final form, a long laceration perpendicular to the length of his leg, about half an inch thick and running from the outer side of his thigh to the inner. He can *feel* Hannibal's hand gripping his thigh to hold it steady, the touch burning hot, as he carves into Will's body. And soon, he will do the same to Hannibal and will finally be able to *taste* .

Will is fascinated.

A few drops of his own blood fall onto his hand, and he follows the trail with his eyes, his pupils dilating at the sight of the slice of flesh Hannibal has now separated from his body. The muscle is scarlet red, veined with white strings of connective tissue and glistening with blood. He marvels at the intricate design of something that is a part of him, no longer hidden under the skin.

Hannibal places the blood-stained scalpel down onto the table and dabs at Will's leg with gauze, trying to stop the bleeding like a good surgeon. Something about the action rubs Will the wrong way and he frowns. He eyes the scalpel on the table for a moment before the *ache* he feels becomes unbearable and he both grabs the blade and pushes Hannibal onto the ground in one uncoordinated movement.

The motion, combined with blood loss, makes Will's head spin a little and he slides out of his chair onto where Hannibal is laying on the carpet. Will readjusts to sit on his bare thighs and

holds the scalpel in front of his face, considering how the blood on it - his blood - will soon be mixed with Hannibal's.

Hannibal's hands are digging into Will's hips as he steadies him. "Are you sure, Will? If you do this, it will mean - "

"I know what it fucking means," Will cuts him off. "I've never wanted anything more in my entire life."

Will bends down so the edge of the blade kisses Hannibal's inner thigh. "I want to own you. To consume you. Just like you want, with me. We're both going to get exactly what we want, Dr. Lecter."

Hannibal swallows audibly and spreads his legs, making it easier for Will to locate the exact area to cut into. Will brings the visual of Hannibal doing this to him to the forefront of his mind and, using the memory as a guide, carefully slices into Hannibal's flesh.

He hears Hannibal choke back a gasp but doesn't stray his focus away from where his hand is carefully cutting into skin. Will can feel the consistency of the thigh muscle as he glides the scalpel across it, releasing a river of vivid red blood. His mouth waters, and he feels Hannibal's thigh trembling under his hands, although Will is unsure if that's from pain or pleasure. Probably both, considering he's doing this to Hannibal fucking Lecter.

Will presses his free hand harder onto Hannibal's leg to steady it, then concentrates as he drags the scalpel again, perpendicular across his thigh. He makes sure to cut roughly the same size and direction as Hannibal did to him, and gulps as he feels blood rush onto his hands. Will tightens his grip on the scalpel and finishes filleting a piece of Hannibal's thigh, sawing through the strong muscle he can feel flexing under his hips.

He is only vaguely aware of Hannibal's bruising grip on his hips and his own heavy breathing as he uses his eidetic memory to expertly cut out a small piece of Hannibal's flesh. Although he feels the adrenaline and arousal coursing through his body, his hands do not shake when he throws the used scalpel aside and pulls the meat free from Hannibal's body.

Will clutches the bloody flesh in his hands and pants, locking eyes with Hannibal. The psychiatrist's gaze is searing into his own, burning into his very soul. Will breaks eye contact only to look at the open wound on his inner thigh, still oozing blood.

Will clears his suddenly dry throat and reaches behind him for the gauze while still sitting on Hannibal's legs. He holds the cut of meat with one hand and tries to patch up Hannibal with the other, but realizes with surprise his hands are trembling now. Hannibal catches his hand and squeezes.

"Let me, Will." Hannibal rasps.

Will watches, his body thrumming with electricity, as Hannibal takes the gauze from him and wraps both their wounds, effectively stopping the bleeding. After the burn from Hannibal's touch fades away, Will realizes he is still clutching the piece of Hannibal's flesh and promptly turns to deposit it in the bowl beside the one containing his own meat. He gazes at the two full bowls next to each other and feels the beast inside him purr.

"What now?" Will asks. "Eat it raw?"

Hannibal makes a choked sound. "Yes Will," he breathes. "Give me a few moments to prepare."

Will is gently pushed off Hannibal's lap and maneuvered back to sit in the chair. His leg aches with the movement, but he's more interested in watching Hannibal move around the room than in any pain he's feeling. Hannibal rummages around in his desk for a few moments before flourishing a simple meat tenderizer from the bottom drawer. Will snorts at the sight.

"You just keep that in your office?"

"It's always best to be prepared, dear Will," Hannibal answers smoothly. "Though I admit I never dreamed I would get to use this in such a sublime way."

He walks back towards Will and gracefully picks up the scalpel Will had so unceremoniously tossed onto the floor, wiping the blood off as he approaches the table. Will's breath hitches as Hannibal gets close enough for him to reach out and touch, and the stimulant still rushing through him makes his fingers shake with desire. He does not move though, only continues to watch with bated breath as Hannibal hesitates over the bowls holding their flesh.

"I'd like for you to prepare your own flesh for me, while I do the same with mine."

Will nods, trying not to seem too eager. It's a predictable request from Hannibal, preparing themselves for each other to consume. It's intimate. "What are we making?"

"Steak tartare."

Will grins. "Although I only have experience in harvesting this type of meat, Dr. Lecter, not cooking it, I thought you might have suggested a more complex recipe. After all, last time we shared a meal like this it was *lomo saltado* ."

"We have never shared a meal like this, Will."

The seriousness of Hannibal's tone grounds Will. He's right, of course. They haven't done anything quite like this together, and Will's trick of *lomo saltado* hardly comes close.

There are no tricks in this.

Will's gaze is magnetically drawn to Hannibal's hands as they expertly cut his own flesh into little pieces. The scalpel probably isn't the best tool for it, but Hannibal makes it look effortless. He finishes quickly, then gently pushes the bowl holding Will's meat towards him and delicately hands him the scalpel.

Will takes it, lolling his head to the side and sighing before sitting up straight in his chair. He really isn't tired with the drugs pumping through his body, but he likes watching Hannibal cook. As he drags the small knife through the piece of meat that used to be inside his body,

Will can feel Hannibal's eyes burning into him. It seems Hannibal likes watching him cook as well.

Will finishes chopping up his flesh and looks to Hannibal for further instruction. The doctor locks eyes with him and takes the meat tenderizer in hand before he gently starts pounding the meat in his own bowl. Will's gaze drops from Hannibal's eyes to focus on the strain of his bicep as he works.

"Take care not to do this too hard, Will," Hannibal directs. "We want the meat to be tender, not soft."

Hannibal finishes and Will snatches the tenderizer from him. "Yes, Dr. Lecter," he says sarcastically.

Will works at his flesh to bring it to the correct consistency. He feels restless as he does so, and keeps thinking of how close he is to tasting Hannibal on his tongue and swallowing him down to where he will forever be part of him.

Will impatiently throws the tenderizer on the table when he finishes, smearing the surface with blood and specks of meat. He smirks, thinking of how the mess must bother Hannibal, but when he turns to confirm this Hannibal isn't paying any attention to the disarray. Instead, he is hastily adding a mix of seasonings to his bowl.

Rolling his eyes, Will reaches for the extra ingredients and does the same. Of course the pretentious cannibal Hannibal Lecter would need to perfectly season raw meat, even though Will can see how strained his body is from anticipation.

Finally, Hannibal seems content with their preparations. He fixes his scorching eyes on Will and Will's throat runs dry as he stands from his chair without a word. They are both gripping their bowls as they face each other, inches apart, and Will is vaguely aware of both his and Hannibal's chests heaving with excitement. His body feels numb and electric at the same time, and Will intimately knows the drugs have nothing to do with it.

They do not speak as they simultaneously scoop meat from their bowls and hold it up for each other to taste. Will is almost shaking under the force of Hannibal's searing gaze, and he pushes his handful into the psychiatrist's mouth at the same time as he takes Hannibal into his own.

The flesh feels firm and leathery on his tongue. Will bites down, releasing the juicy mixture of metallic blood and tangy vinegar seasoning into his mouth. If he didn't know where the meat had come from, he'd probably think he was eating rather fibrous beef steak. But knowing that he's consuming Hannibal's flesh is making Will feel frenzied. He can barely hold back his moan.

Hannibal's eyes are closed as he lovingly chews Will's flesh then swallows. "Tell me, Will. How do I taste?"

Will swallows his first bite as well. "Like the ripe and decadent cannibal that you are, Dr. Lecter," he announces.

As much as he intends for his response to sound satirical, what comes out is sensual, almost seductive. The fact that he finds himself subconsciously licking his lips isn't helping the matter. He aches to take another piece of Hannibal into his body. A small amused smile tugs the corners of Hannibal's mouth as a reaction to the words.

"How do I taste?" Will asks in return, curious.

Hannibal's smile is all teeth as he opens his eyes and replies, "Like a killer."

Will's throat runs dry as his heart picks up pace at Hannibal's words. Will had never thought of himself as a killer, never *allowed* himself to, but hearing Hannibal say it now so simply and honestly makes him realize how much he wants it to be true.

Will doesn't respond and instead opens his mouth. Hannibal understands what he wants immediately and indulges him by scooping more meat and pressing his fingers inside Will's mouth. Will sucks Hannibal's flesh from the digits and through his arousal, manages to nip

his fingertips. Hannibal breathes deeply and pulls his hand back, opening his own mouth wide.

Will scrutinizes his sharp teeth and runs his fingertips over the canines in Hannibal's mouth, wondering what they would feel like pressed against his skin. Breaking the skin. Those predator fangs sinking into his flesh and marking him. The thought makes his knees grow weak.

Instead, Hannibal just swirls his tongue against Will's fingertips, seemingly gentle and innocent. If only Will could fall for that - there is nothing gentle or innocent about Hannibal Lecter, but that's precisely what draws Will to him so strongly. Hannibal dutifully sucks at his own meat around Will's fingers as he is fed more and more handfuls of it, looking up at Will with a half-lidded lusting gaze. Almost obedient. If Will hasn't realized that having his fingers in someone's mouth is arousing before, he definitely has now.

Hannibal speaks once both bowls are empty and they settle back into their respective chairs.

"It's only cannibalism if we are equals," he says calmly, as an afterthought.

"What is this, then?" Will replies, curious. His belly feels gratifyingly full.

"...Cannibalism." Hannibal realizes after a pause, looking surprised at his own words.

Chapter End Notes

Who's ready for the porn in chapter two??

If anyone is curious about the drugs Hannigram took, I recommend googling benzoylmethylecgonine ;)

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> “I want to take it with my teeth. Straight from your body.”
>
> “Oh.” Hannibal breathes. “You like it raw, don’t you, vicious boy?”

Chapter Notes

> The long-awaited porn part of the canniporn is here... enjoy ~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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“It’s only cannibalism if we are equals,” he says calmly, as an afterthought.

“What is this, then?” Will replies, curious. His belly feels gratifyingly full.

“...Cannibalism.” Hannibal realizes after a pause, looking surprised at his own words.

“Mutual consumption,” Will agrees, satisfied.

“Does that excite you, Will?”

“To a degree.” Hannibal cocks an eyebrow at him and Will explains, “Your dish was all aesthetics and great taste, but I want to consume you in my own way.”

“And what kind of way would that be?” Hannibal smirks, eyes slowly roaming over Will’s half-naked body.

Will smirks right back, what he has in mind a little different from Hannibal’s lust. “I want to take it with my teeth. Straight from your body.”

“Oh.” Hannibal breathes. “You like it *raw,* don’t you, vicious boy?”

“I do,” Will agrees, his smile all teeth.

He hopes the doctor’s words are not limited to just permission to bite into Hannibal’s skin, but a larger promise about something that is undoubtedly to come later. With Hannibal, consent to one type of consumption surely extends to consent to all types. Hannibal subtly nudges his leg forward and to the side, inviting Will to indulge himself. And Will greedily accepts his invitation.

He slides off his chair and positions himself between Hannibal’s legs, kneeling on the floor so his face is aligned with the bandaged cut on the man’s thigh. Normally Will doesn’t like being in the kneeling position - it’s too vulnerable, compromised. Too submissive. And that, he isn’t. But right now… it doesn't feel that way.

Instead, Will feels powerful as he grips Hannibal’s thighs firmly with his hands and breathes over the gauze, nostrils filling with the scent of Hannibal and fresh blood. Slowly, teasingly, he pulls the wrappings out of the way and finally puts his mouth on the open wound.

Will bites the jagged skin hard, clamping down on Hannibal’s flesh, tasting the blood that blooms into his mouth and groaning through it. He is not gentle as he tears into Hannibal’s flesh, loving how the meat tastes straight from the source.

The fact that this is *Hannibal* he’s biting, in this specific place, makes Will groan. It makes Hannibal groan too, first in pleasure and then in pain as Will bites off a small piece of Hannibal’s thigh.

He holds the loose piece of flesh between his teeth for a moment, savoring, before swallowing it whole. His eyes flutter, and when they refocus, he becomes aware of Hannibal's obvious bulge near his face.

"Now what's this, Dr. Lecter?" Will teases, pointing at his groin.

Hannibal's face is unamused. "I really thought you would realize sooner but perhaps you were preoccupied."

"So when you said you wanted to devour me, this is what you meant? I knew it," Will smirks, teasing Hannibal when he now knows full well that Hannibal wants more from him than simply a sexual encounter. The taste of Hannibal's flesh is still lurking on his tongue and in his throat. What they have shared so far - *consuming each other* - is so monumental that Will revels in the rawness of it. He finds himself greedy for more, more consumption that would strengthen the already powerfully intimate bond between them.

"Like I said, I meant it in every sense of the wo- *ohh* "

Hannibal's breath hitches, and Will's brain takes a second to realize why. He notices with slight surprise his own hand cupping Hannibal's erection. Will smiles and gives it a firm squeeze, watching Hannibal inhale sharply but quickly recover his composure the next second. *Pretentious, impenetrable fuck* . Will isn't going to let up, now that he has seen exactly how he's going to completely conquer the man underneath him. Will's going to devour him even more than he's already done so.

He releases Hannibal's cock to grip his thighs with both hands and forcefully pull him onto the carpeted floor. He wants them to be on equal ground now, but also the new position with Hannibal on his back makes it easier for Will to do what he wants. Hannibal goes down without a fight, like Will knew he would.

Ever-so-slowly and without breaking eye contact, Will's fingers find the waistband of Hannibal's silk briefs - the white fabric now slightly stained red - and snake their way inside. He starts to rub Hannibal's groin teasingly while watching his face like a hawk, looking for even the tiniest crack in the man's emotionless façade.

“Now how does *that* make you feel, Dr. Lecter?”

Hannibal exhales.

“Entertained. By how much you are enjoying this little power play of yours.” His voice sounds calm, but his mask of indifference is betrayed by the way his hips are twitching under Will’s hot touch.

“I’m going to pick you apart, piece by piece”, Will drawls, determinedly removing Hannibal’s shirt with his free hand. “Unravel you. Strip away your pretense.”

“Is that what you want, Will?”

“It’s not about what I want. It’s about what you hate.”

“I don’t hate your advances, quite the opposite.”

Will leans forward to hover over Hannibal’s body, managing to balance himself using one hand and knee. It would be so easy to fully lower himself down and let their chests touch, but that would mean giving in to his own wants and needs. It would mean letting himself succumb to Hannibal’s power over his mind and body, once again. But no, he intends to entirely dismantle the man underneath him, to make him *beg* for Will’s touch.

He places his right arm next to Hannibal’s head and braces himself over him, bringing his mouth just close enough to the other man’s ear. Not close enough to touch, but close enough to feel the heat radiating from the skin.

“That’s going to be your downfall,” Will whispers.

Hannibal turns his head to face Will in a deliberate movement, forcing their lips to almost meet. Will quickly pulls back before it happens. This isn't something he's going to allow yet.

Hannibal makes a frustrated noise. "Passion isn't a weakness, Will."

"I could turn yours into one," Will responds in his best deep and predatory tone, his hand still insistently massaging between Hannibal's legs.

"Would you? *Could* you separate your passion from my own? Or is it going to be your own downfall, this shared passion between us, just as much as it may be mine?"

Will doesn't have time to process the words, as Hannibal's hands settle on his waist and pull up his shirt to access his skin. The touch is electrifying, unlocking the endorphins in Will's body he didn't know he had. He can't help but shudder when the hands start to move, curling around to lock his back into a vice grip.

Lowering his eyes, Will is met with Hannibal smirking up at him from his seemingly submissive position on the floor.

"Shut up," Will grunts from between his teeth, and finally - *finally* - pulls down Hannibal's silky undergarment.

The sight is glorious. Maddening. Ecstatic. Hannibal's erection stands thick and proud against his stomach, already leaking. Will wants to tease Hannibal for how obviously desperate he is for this, but all he can do is gulp. His own dick throbs in his boxers at the erotic sight Hannbial makes, breathing heavily underneath him.

Will is suddenly hit with an overwhelming desire to find out how this part of Hannibal tastes.

Licking his lips, Will slides down Hannibal's firm body. He lowers his head and Hannibal's breath hitches, but instead of putting his mouth where they both want Will decides to have a

little fun first. His breath caresses the cut on Hannibal's thigh again, but this time Will doesn't hesitate before planting his mouth directly on Hannibal's open wound.

They both groan at the contact, and Will immediately starts lapping at the cut with his tongue, relishing in the taste of Hannibal's blood. It's metallic and warm, and Will smears it all over Hannibal's thigh with his lips. With that taste in his mouth, Will can't resist biting into the wound again, causing Hannibal's muscle to jump underneath his teeth.

"Will," he whispers.

Will bites, laps, and sucks at the gash until he runs out of breath and has to pull back, panting. Hannibal looks at him with dark eyes, pupils blown wide, and Will grins.

"You wanna know what trust really is, Dr. Lecter? It's getting a blowjob from a cannibal."

Will purposefully gives Hannibal no time to process this before he leans back down and puts his mouth on him. The sound Hannibal makes is like a muffled shout, and Will feels a rush of power from making him feel so undone.

Will licks a teasing strip from the bottom of the shaft to the tip, eyes never leaving Hannibal's, smirking coyly, not quite yet giving him the satisfaction of enveloping him into his mouth. He feels Hannibal's hands finding their way into his hair, flexing around his curls with what is undeniably pleasure. He presses his mouth onto the vein on the underside, feels it pulsing against his lips, hears Hannibal moan. Agonizingly slow, he wraps his fingers around the base, squeezing firmly as his mouth eventually makes its way to the tip.

He wraps his lips around the head, pausing while holding it in his mouth, not going any further just yet. He looks up at Hannibal with seemingly innocent eyes from behind fluttering eyelashes - a trick that drives him mad whenever he himself is subjected to this kind of treatment. It seems to work, as Hannibal gasps and the fingers in his hair tighten.

What Will fails to anticipate is the hands pressing his head down in a quick motion, gently but assertively, forcing him halfway down Hannibal's length. He makes a surprised sound but

adjusts quickly, mouth stretching around the shaft. A punishment for being a tease, he deduces. Fair enough.

Will hollows his cheeks and starts to move his head up and down in a slow tentative fashion, earning a choked moan. He isn't particularly experienced with this, having always been on the receiving end of the experience rather than the giving, but Will *wants* this - finds himself consumed by the manic need to unravel, consume, gratify, and be gratified in return. He picks up the pace and goes down deeper, forcing his throat to relax as the tip comes in contact with it. Hannibal's hips jolt up, hitting the back of his throat rougher than he was prepared for, eliciting a choked grunt from him.

Will narrows his eyes and grabs Hannibal's hips with his hands, roughly pressing them into the floor and nails digging into the skin as a warning. *Stay fucking still if you want me to keep going* . Hannibal chuckles with strained breath and obeys, a jolt of arousal running through Will at the submissive display.

As he continues to move his mouth up and down Hannibal's length, Will's mind becomes pleasantly blank. The only things he's aware of are Hannibal's sounds of pleasure and the weight of his cock in Will's throat. His own arousal is secondary, an ache throughout his whole body that grows every time Hannibal's hips shake under his hands.

He picks up the pace when tears start streaming down his face, obscuring his vision of Hannibal writhing underneath him. He moves faster, sucks harder, and twirls his tongue around the tip of Hannibal's cock, quickly feeling him get harder under his ministrations. Will moans and blinks the tears out of his eyes, wanting to see Hannibal's face when he comes.

Without warning, Will is suddenly thrown backwards off Hannibal's length and slammed onto the floor. Pain shoots up his back at the force, and he groans before blinking up to see Hannibal pinning him down, chest heaving. There is a predatory glint in his eyes as he growls, and Will shudders.

"Dangerous boy," Hannibal snarls lowly. "Surely you can't expect this to go so easily?"

Hannibal huffs out a laugh as he lowers himself flush against Will, their chests brushing as they breathe hard. "You know full well the monster you've invited out to play."

“I don’t,” Will disagrees, having a hard time keeping himself from moaning as he feels Hannibal’s rock hard erection slide against the wound on his thigh. “Not completely. Show me.”

He likes to pretend he doesn’t plead, but Hannibal’s sharp grin adds evidence to the contrary.

“Now what was that part about you liking it raw?”

He hears Hannibal’s lips brush his ear as he speaks, while he pulls their bodies apart just enough to be able to slide off Will’s shirt and briefs. The second he is done, he presses Will back down against the floor with his body, forcing his legs apart with an insistent push of his knee.

“I meant exactly what I said,” Will somehow manages to articulate through the electrifying feeling of their naked bodies rubbing against each other.

“Be careful what you wish for,” Hannibal warns, his fingertips hovering around Will’s inner thighs, barely touching. Teasing.

“Pft,” Will huffs, breathless. “Do your worst, Dr. Lecter. Impress me.”

Hannibal’s hands finally grip into Will’s thighs as he smiles, but the contact doesn’t last long before he lets go to swipe his fingers across Will’s newly opened wound, coating them in blood. Will feels slightly frustrated - weren’t they onto a different kind of consuming now? - but it quickly fades into pain as Hannibal jabs two fingers into Will’s entrance with no warning.

It hurts. It does, but the pain really isn’t as bad as Will expected. Hannibal’s fingers are slick and warm with his blood, and Will loves how his body is forced to accommodate Hannibal’s intrusion, just like his mind has. Hannibal is good at this, scissoring his fingers to stretch Will open. He goes slowly at first, allowing for Will’s body to adjust to the new sensation, but at

Will's whine of impatience and the widening of his legs Hannibal moves his fingers faster. There is more than enough blood to keep his fingers, and Will, wet.

Will flexes his legs to try and get used to the pain and the new feeling. The rhythmic motion of Hannibal's fingers is making both easier, but it isn't until Hannibal crooks his fingers slightly upward that Will moans loudly at the sudden jolt of pleasure rushing up his spine.

"Impressed?" Hannibal smirks hotly into Will's neck.

Will nips his ear in retaliation. "Do that again," he commands.

Hannibal purrs deep in his chest and does, his fingers moving faster inside Will against that special spot and making him mindless. It's so good. Breathtaking. Out-of-this-world phenomenal. He feels like melted clay under Hannibal's expert hands, molding him into new shapes. And he's only been using his fingers so far. Will's mind is about to explode imagining how much more there is to come.

"No more fingers," he pants out. "I want you."

Will opens his eyes just enough to see Hannibal's smirk grow larger. "Are you always this impolite in bed?"

"Oh fuck you," Will moans, impatient.

"I will if you ask nicely."

Will groans in both frustration and arousal. " *Fuck.* Come on. *Please,"* he says, digging his nails into Hannibal's muscular back. He scratches hard, desperate to leave bloody scratches all over.

Will's breath is punched out of him when Hannibal finally enters him, his cock pushing into Will insistently. Will's hands fly to Hannibal's biceps where they grip, *hard* , sure to leave bruises. He holds on tight the entire time Hannibal pushes inside him, adjusting to the new feeling with his mouth open in a feral grin.

The burn feels distant but it's there. It mixes with the throb in Will's leg, the press of his spine against the wooden floor, and the sting of Hannibal's nails digging into his hips, creating a combination of sweet delight. He never wanted to be seen as a fragile teacup, and he's glad Hannibal isn't treating him like one. He's glad Hannibal isn't afraid to shatter him.

Will doesn't know if it's because of the analgesic running through his veins, but everything feels so incredibly intense, yet not enough. He is full and he is bleeding and there's a piece missing from his flesh. And it's still *not enough* .

Just when he opens his mouth to ask for more, Hannibal thrusts his hips. Slowly at first, but then when he feels Will widen his legs he pulls out and drives in harder. Will throws his head back on a moan, and in no time Hannibal is pounding into Will like he'd die if he didn't.

Will drowns in the pleasure he feels from Hannibal inside him. The actual penetration is so much better than he honestly expected, for his first time. He can barely think over all the moaning he's doing from getting his back blown out. But what's really making Will lose his mind from pleasure is the knowledge of what this *means.*

It means that they are giving themselves to each other. It means they are *consuming* each other, completely and irreversibly. There is no coming back from this.

Will can feel blood smeared all across his lips, jaw, and neck from where he bit directly into Hannibal's thigh. It's just starting to dry, making his skin tight when he opens his mouth in a pant or a moan. Hannibal, somehow, notices this mid-thrust and surges down to start licking the metallic blood from Will's neck. Will groans and tilts his head back so Hannibal has easier access to press sloppy, open-mouth kisses and licks all over.

Not slowing his movements into Will for a second, Hannibal's mouth moves from his neck up to his jaw, then finally, as Will gasps with the realization of what's about to happen, Hannibal presses their lips together in a rough kiss.

It’s all teeth and tongue, mouths clashing into each other with manic hunger. Of course it was never going to be gentle and probing like the first kiss should be. Being gentle isn’t something either of them would allow themselves. Will revels in the moment regardless, licking Hannibal’s lips and tongue, not sure whose blood they taste like anymore. He feels Hannibal’s teeth entrap his bottom lip and bite down. Harder than he expected. Will yelps in surprise and his eyes fly open. Hannibal just looks down at him with a pleased smirk.

Will narrows his eyes in response and reaches up for another kiss, while his hand travels down past Hannibal’s hips and rests on his thigh. Just above the wound. Just for a second. Then he jams his finger right into the cut, making fresh blood gush onto his hand. A guttural groan erupts from Hannibal’s throat as his head snaps up to look Will dead in the eyes. They’re almost pitch black, pupils blown wide. Murderous. Unforgiving. The kind of look a merciless killer would give his victim before delivering the fatal cut. And although Will is pinned underneath him, he doesn’t feel like a victim at all. Quite the opposite.

“You do your worst, I do mine,” Will whispers, giving Hannibal his best sadistic smirk. Hannibal bites his neck in warning, and Will arches into the painful delight.

He waits for Hannibal to resume the brutal rhythm he’s been thrusting into Will with and he does, making it just a little more forceful than before - Will’s *totally* earned it. Then, after giving Hannibal a sharp nip to the throat in retaliation, Will shoves his fingers into the flesh wound on Hannibal’s thigh again, this time deeper. Hannibal’s hips stutter in response and his hands trap Will’s wrists, pressing them against the floor with a secure, bone-crushing grip. It looks like an attempt for Hannibal to steady himself and regain some control, but it only encourages Will further.

He is sure Hannibal’s death grip on his wrists isn’t going to falter, but he wants to test it anyway. This wouldn’t be any fun, for either of them, if Will didn’t put up a fight. He tenses his arms and tries to lift them from where they’re pinned on the floor above his head, but Hannibal only holds him down tighter, his facial expression emotionless and eyes ice cold, still fucking into him with a vicious pace. Will realizes his wrists are undoubtedly going to be bruised for days. *Good* .

He stops the fight, for now, just revelling in the sensation of his body being shattered with overpowering desire, completely broken and drenched in pleasure. It satisfies every part of him, except the one that wants to give back just as much as he’s been given. He wants to make Hannibal fall apart the same way he’s making Will shatter. Maybe it’s his pride, never

wanting to fully submit to anyone; or maybe it’s his need to impress Hannibal, to be seen as an equal.

Will ponders over that thought as he presses his lips flush against the side of Hannibal’s neck, tasting the sweat there, inhaling the scent of his decadent aftershave. Although Hannibal is doing his best to fuck Will senseless, his mind is spinning. Is this a one-time thing, the culmination of their never-ending fight for dominance over each other’s minds and bodies, or is it more than that? Does he want Hannibal like this, a permanent partner in lust and sex and flesh and life? Or is it just the drugs and adrenaline?

These thoughts aren’t something he wants to deal with right now. Clearly Hannibal isn’t giving him enough if Will is still able to *think* . His hands are still under Hannibal’s firm grip, so he has only one other option. He sinks his teeth into Hannibal’s neck with brutal force - no hesitation, no warning. Why bother testing the waters when you can dive in headfirst? Hannibal’s reaction is a mixture of a moan and a yelp, and Will can feel it echo right down to his groin. He bites even harder, feeling the pulse of the jugular on his tongue.

Hannibal seems to figure out what Will is doing because he picks up his pace, plowing into Will so hard and fast that the skin on Will’s back rubs raw from the motion. Will feels like he’s getting his brains fucked out of his skull; they're going at each other so hard. He wouldn’t change anything about it, though. This is exactly what he wanted. Hannibal’s giving him his worst, just like he asked for. Will’s also giving Hannibal his worst, judging from his matching fucked-out expression.

It feels like they're beasts devouring each other. Taking each other to a whole new plane of existence. Will’s mind is finally quiet, but his body is screaming. It’s 20 different hues of *not enough* and *too much* at the same time and he isn’t sure how much longer he can take it. And as if that wasn’t already overwhelming, Will feels Hannibal’s hand wrap around his shaft.

And then Hannibal starts to pump his erection in time with the thrusts of his hips and it feels so good and so right and -

“Hannibal, *fuck* , I- ” he gasps, throwing his head back and digging his nails into Hannibal’s skin, desperate for any kind of friction.

And then Will is over the edge, all the unbearable tension in his groin finally erupting as a sweet release that shakes through his entire body. The climax forces him to curl his toes and rips a guttural, raw sound from his throat. He feels Hannibal's lips against his neck, pressing soothing kisses into the skin while he is still pushing into Will with a relentless pace, his movements a lot more erratic now. Will just grips his shoulders harder and pushes back to meet the thrusts, riding through the aftershock of his orgasm.

Will starts to feel just the beginnings of overstimulation, his toes curling, when Hannibal fucks into him one last, hard time and tenses above him. He gasps like a dying man, and trembles in Will's arms as he comes. Will is lucid enough through the haze of bliss to relish in the feeling of Hannibal's cum coating his insides. He's going to feel Hannibal, and their mutual consumption, for days to come.

Hannibal collapses on top of him, his strong arms becoming weak after release. Will doesn't mind the weight crushing him but groans, incredibly sensitive. Though he doesn't want to lose the contact of Hannibal's skin on his, coated in a mixture of each other's blood and semen, Will gently pushes Hannibal off him. He groans in protest but willingly rolls to the floor, settling on his back close enough that their sides are brushing together as their chest heave.

They spend a fair amount of time like that, catching their breath. Will's body feels so warm and buzzed he wants to fall asleep, and knows that somewhere in all their fucking that the drugs wore off. He knows this because he is aching all over, but it's a satisfying kind of ache.

Will doesn't regret a thing now that they've consumed each other, and he is sure Hannibal doesn't either. It feels right, a natural next step in their fast-evolving relationship. This experience of mutual consumption, in every sense of the word, was so intense and satisfying that Will realizes he's addicted. Addicted to this newfound feeling of intimacy and the elevated level of being - being with Hannibal.

He thinks about the plan he's made with Jack, where his role is to earn Hannibal's trust and manipulate him into being captured. As enticing and righteous as that idea sounds, Will finds himself entertaining the possibility where he changes allegiances.

What if instead of staging the murder of Freddie Lounds to deceive Hannibal, Will actually killed her? He could bring her to Hannibal, offer for them to consume her flesh together, as a declaration of his loyalty and partnership. Whether it's partnership in crime or in something

else, would be for Hannibal to decide. After bonding so divinely tonight, on both a physical and soul-level, Will is quite certain that his offering would not be rejected. If Will were a teacup Hannibal had shattered, this would be his chance to piece it back together.

He would bring Hannibal a real piece of Freddie this time, and make him watch as Will made *lomo saltado* in his kitchen. It would drive Hannibal crazy not cooking the meal, but it would also drive him crazy to watch Will make an apology, an offering, a *promise* to him.

He's going to think this all through later when his mind is clear and not swimming in post-sex endorphins. Right now Will just wants to indulge in the gorgeous man next to him. Jack and his plans to catch the Ripper can wait. Maybe until tomorrow. Or maybe forever.

Will turns his head towards Hannibal, seeing to his great delight that the man looks just as spent and elated as Will feels, lying on his back in the mess of blood and other fluids all over the floor. Enough time has passed now that they're both breathing normally, and although Will thinks this post-sex and post-cannibalism time should be tense or at least awkward, it feels anything but.

"God, this is going to be a pain to clean up…" Will mumbles, breaking the comfortable silence between them.

Hannibal turns his head to meet Will's small smile with one of his own. "A small price for such a spectacular outcome," he points out insightfully. Will's smile grows bigger. He couldn't agree more.

Hannibal gets up from the floor, in all his naked glory, and Will follows his movements with his eyes, appreciating the sight.

"Can I get you a glass of water?" Always so polite, Will thinks fondly.

"Pft. You mean, a glass of whiskey?" Will chuckles. "I'll also accept red wine."

Hannibal walks to the cabinet with the spirits but hesitates before opening it. “I have both whiskey and wine better stocked at my home,” he states.

Will raises his eyebrows and can’t help the shit-eating grin spreading on his face as he waits for Hannibal to continue.

“Would you care to move this back to my home? I’d love to have breakfast in bed tomorrow.” He says it with such a straight face that Will laughs with real joy.

“What kind of *breakfast in bed* ?” he demands playfully.

“Whatever kind you prefer,” Hannibal answers with a small smile, a hint of his fangs peeking through.

“Oh, I am so *fed up* with you, Dr. Lecter.”

***

“Our suspect could be anyone out of these bank employees, so I’m going to need you to look through their files,” Jack explains, carrying a high stack of folders that look dangerously unstable. He moves across his office to where Hannibal and Will are sitting side by side on the couch.

Will sighs. He does not want to spend his evening looking through suspect files, and he can tell by everyone else’s defeated faces that they don’t want to either. Zeller and Price would rather be elbows deep in a body, he’s sure. Hannibal would rather...well, Hannibal would probably rather be doing exactly what Will would rather be doing.

Suddenly, Jack miscalculates his step and the numerous files tumble over, falling directly across Will and Hannibal’s laps. The men react to the heavy impact almost identically; Hannibal winces in pain as his hand flies up to his left thigh, and Will curses under his breath, also clutching his left leg, precisely in the same spot as Hannibal.

Jack blinks at them both in confusion. Price raises his eyebrows, and Zeller's eyes widen.

Will can feel the unspoken question radiating from them, and he is torn between wanting to tell them to fuck off or wanting to snap *Yes, it's exactly what you think, me and Hannibal gave each other identical sex wounds.*

Luckily, Will is saved from both equally unprofessional options by Hannibal smoothly addressing the elephant in the room.

"We overexerted ourselves during some leisure tennis practice," he lies effortlessly.

Jack and Price look relieved at the offered explanation, and quickly go to immerse themselves in the files. Zeller, on the other hand, still looks suspicious but says nothing to question Hannibal. Will smirks.

He spends the evening like a good FBI profiler, and if he presses his hand on Hannibal's inner thigh while nobody is looking, fingers just brushing the edge of the wound as both a reminder and a promise, then that's between him and Hannibal.

Chapter End Notes

There it is!!! What do you guys think?

We're planning on continuing this as a series, and we have at least two more fics outlined....

Follow either of us on twitter for updates! :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!